

STORM



ALL-NEW
MARVEL
NOW!

PAK
IBANEZ
REDMOND

002

Thief. Goddess. Headmistress. Queen. The X-Man called STORM has always defied a single title. And her desire to better the world has never been limited to only her own kind.

STORM



PREVIOUSLY...

After quelling a tsunami in the South American country of Santo Marco, Storm was implored to leave by her fellow X-Man Beast so as not to aggravate the local anti-mutant militia. But after being challenged by a student at the Jean Grey School, Storm followed her initial instinct and returned to Santo Marco, aiding in rebuilding a coastal town and ultimately rebuffing the militia. Now more sure of herself than ever, Storm sets out to live by her own rules and use her gifts for the betterment of man and mutant alike.

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**NEW YORK CITY:
MEATPACKING DISTRICT.**



HEARD
YOU'VE BEEN
MAKING TROUBLE
FOR HANK.

WE FINALLY
GET AN HOUR
TOGETHER AND
YOU WANT TO
TALK ABOUT
HANK?

HE SEEMS TO
THINK YOU TRIED TO
OVERTHROW
THE SANTO MARCO
GOVERNMENT...



COME ON.
I JUST RAINED
ON SOME
CLOWNS.

KIND OF A
BIG DEAL, GOING
SOLO IN A FOREIGN
COUNTRY.

I SPENT
HALF MY
LIFE SOLO
IN A FOREIGN
COUNTRY.

HEH.



YOU'RE
GETTING A
LITTLE WILD,
ORORO. I
LIKE IT...

...BUT I
WORRY.



YOU'RE
THE ONE
WHO LOST HIS
HEALING
FACTOR,
LOGAN.
I SHOULD
WORRY ABOUT
YOU.

AH, I'M
FINE.



UNTIL YOU
POP YOUR
CLAWS AND RIP
HOLES IN THE
BACK OF YOUR
HAND.

IF ANYONE
NEEDS TO SLOW
DOWN...

YOU'RE
CHANGING
THE SUBJECT,
GIRL.

WHAT'S
GOING ON
WITH YOU?



I DON'T
KNOW. MAYBE
I'M JUST...
...TIRED
OF HOLDING
IT IN.



MAYBE
YOU'RE A
BAD INFLUENCE
ON ME.

WHO
ME?



HELL,
YEAH.



I GOT A
FEELING YOU HAD
A BAD GIRL HIDING
INSIDE YOU LONG
BEFORE WE EVER
SAID HI.



I STARTED
OFF PICKING
POCKETS IN
CAIRO.

AND THEN
I BECAME
A QUEEN,
LOGAN.

I TRIED TO
STAY TRUE TO
MYSELF...BUT I
HAD TO THINK ABOUT
EVERYTHING I DID
WITH A FEW MILLION
OTHER PEOPLE
IN MIND.



AND THOSE
GOWNS ARE
TIGHT.

I JUST
DON'T FEEL
LIKE GETTING
PUSHED INTO
ANYONE'S BOX
AGAIN.

HEY,
Y'ALL...





I'M THE
WINDRIDER.

I COULD GO
ANYWHERE.
DO ANYTHING.

BUT
TONIGHT...

...I DON'T
PARTICULARLY
FEEL LIKE
FLYING.



I'M NOT
A COP.

THIS ISN'T
MY JOB.

THERE HAVE TO BE
HUNDREDS OF
MISSING PEOPLE IN
THE CITY RIGHT NOW.



CAIRO.
YEARS AGO.

I REMEMBER...

SHAKADOOOM

...I REMEMBER
WHAT IT IS TO
BE TRAPPED.

AAAAAAH!

LOST.

HUNGRY.

SCARED.

LOWER EAST SIDE

YEAH, THAT'S
ANGIE.

SHE LIVED HERE FOR
THREE MONTHS, BUT THEN
SHE STARTED GETTING
THREATS FROM HER
EX-BOYFRIEND.

SHE
TELL THE
POLICE?

YEAH, BUT
THE BOYFRIEND
WAS IN JERSEY.
BIG JURISDICTION
NIGHTMARE.
LOT OF FOOT
DRAGGING.

HAVEN'T
SEEN HER
SINCE JUNE
SECOND.

I REPORTED
IT, BUT SHE JUST
TURNED NINETEEN.
THE POLICE SAID
ADULTS DISAPPEAR
ALL THE TIME--ON
PURPOSE.

SO THEY
SENT OUT A
BULLETIN, I
THINK, AND
THAT'S IT.

AND
THAT'S WHEN
YOU WENT WITH
THE POSTERS.

BECAUSE
YOU THINK
SOMETHING ELSE
HAPPENED.

HELL,
YES.

SHE
LEFT HER
PHONE.

WHY WOULD
SHE LEAVE HER
PHONE?

DON'T WORRY,
MS. COLUMBARI.
I'M TAKING CARE
OF THIS.

I KNOW
SOMEONE EVEN
BETTER.

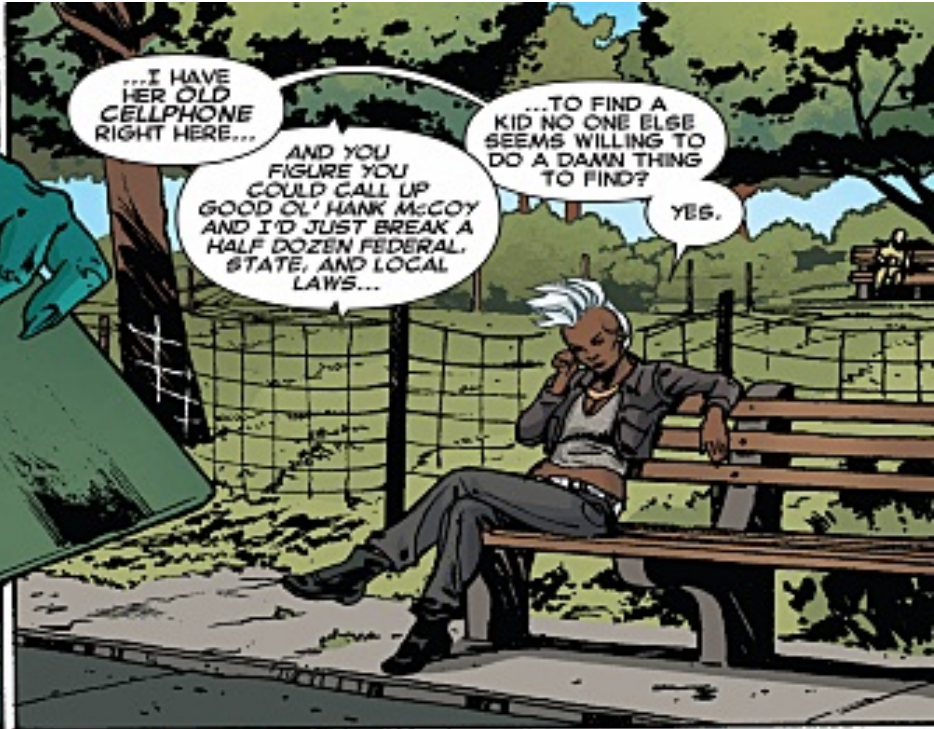
YOU KNOW
SOMEONE IN
JERSEY?



HOOD
BOY.

COME ON,
HENRY...

WESTCHESTER, NEW YORK.
**JEAN GREY SCHOOL FOR
HIGHER LEARNING.**



...I HAVE
HER OLD
CELLPHONE
RIGHT HERE...

AND YOU
FIGURE YOU
COULD CALL UP
GOOD OL' HANK MCCOY
AND I'D JUST BREAK A
HALF DOZEN FEDERAL,
STATE, AND LOCAL
LAWS...

...TO FIND A
KID NO ONE ELSE
SEEMS WILLING TO
DO A DAMN THING
TO FIND?

YES.



UGH.

LOOK,
HENRY--

CALM
DOWN, ORORO.
I'M TAPPED IN.
ANGIE
WILLIAMS.

THAT
WAS...
QUICK.

YES, WELL,
YOU CALLED
THE RIGHT
DOORMAT.

LAST CALL
SHE MADE FROM
THE PHONE IN YOUR
HAND WAS TO A
NEW PREPAID, NO-
CONTRACT
PHONE.



OKAY. SHE
GOT A NEW
PHONE, WANTED
TO MAKE SURE
IT WORKED...

YEP, NOT
THE BEST
OF PLANS IF
YOU'RE TRYING TO
DISAPPEAR.

SO NOW I'M
TRACKING
THAT NEW
PHONE...



BEEP

WHAT--

I'VE
UPLOADED A
LIVE MAP. IT'LL
SHOW YOU WHERE
ANGIE'S NEW
PHONE IS.

ALSO RAN
SOME CROSS-
REFERENCE...



...AND THOSE
THREE EXTRA BLIPS
REPRESENT THE PHONES
OF THREE MORE
MISSING TEENAGERS.

WHAT?

OH, DEAR.

THEY'RE
HERE IN
MANHATTAN...

"...BUT THEY'RE THREE
HUNDRED FEET
UNDERGROUND."

I HATE THE
SUBWAY.

HUH,
COMICON
ALREADY?

DON'T
STARE,
LARRY.

SMALL
SPACES.

BAD AIR.

HELPS TO STAY
ALOFT AS
LONG AS I CAN.

WHOA!

I KNOW,
RIGHT?

BUT
EVENTUALLY
I RUN OUT
OF ROOM.

I DON'T PANIC
IN TIGHT CORNERS
LIKE I USED TO.

BUT I HAVE TO
WORK TO STAY
IN CONTROL.

PART OF MY BRAIN'S
BACK IN CAIRO.
UNDER THE RUBBLE...



...WATCHING MY
MOTHER DIE.



BUT I FOCUS.

I THINK ABOUT ANGIE...
AND THOSE OTHER KIDS...

...LOST AND
SCARED...



...AND I THINK ABOUT THE
FIRST TIME I CAME DOWN
INTO THESE TUNNELS...

...HUNTING A
KIDNAPPER.

SO I MAKE A
LITTLE MORE
NOISE THAN
I SHOULD.

KLANK

GIVING
MYSELF
AWAY.



ENOUGH WITH
THE GAMES...

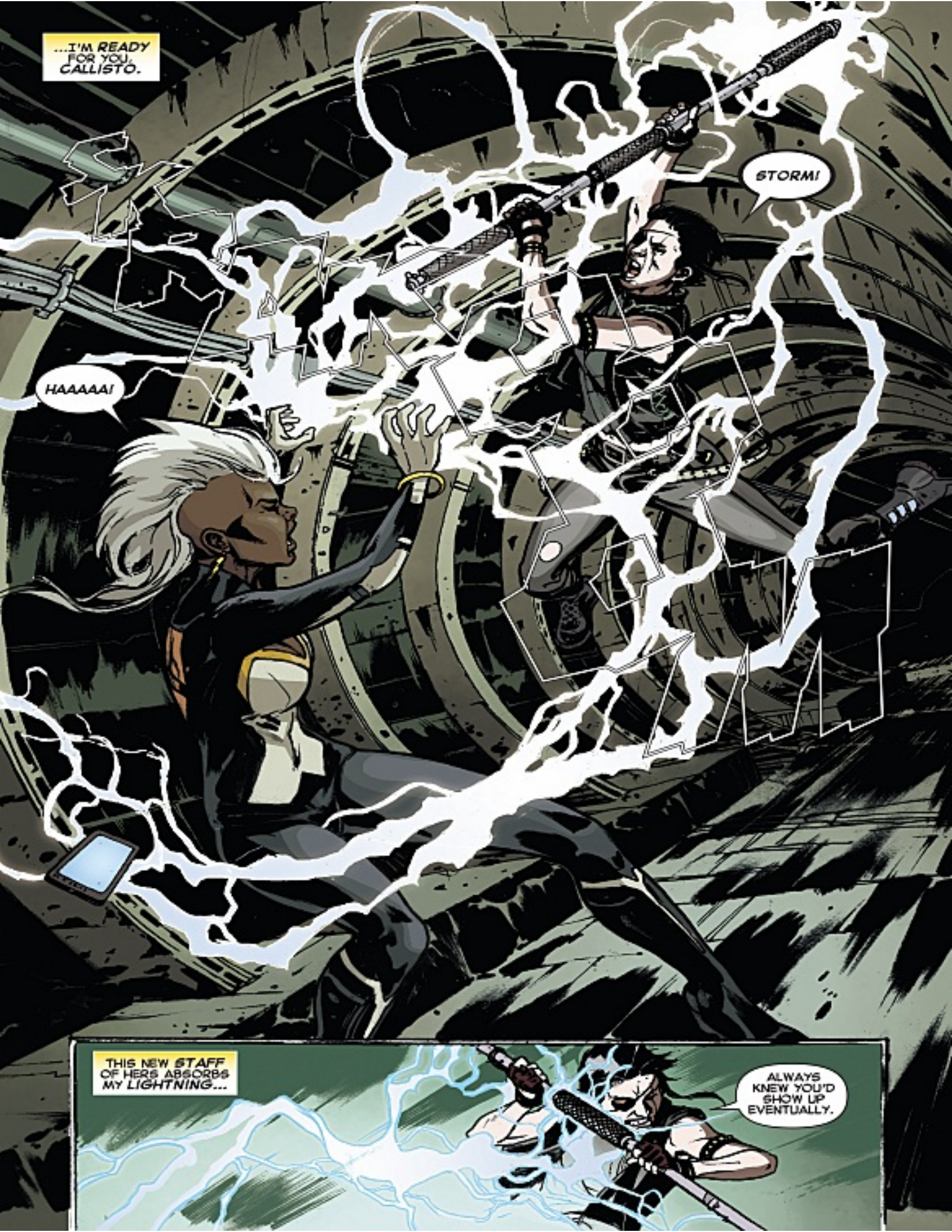
...I'M READY
FOR YOU,
CALLISTO.

STORM!

HAAAAA!

THIS NEW STAFF
OF HERS ABSORBS
MY LIGHTNING...

ALWAYS
KNEW YOU'D
SHOW UP
EVENTUALLY.





...I COULD BLOW
IT APART WITH A
THOUGHT.

JUST
CAN'T QUIT
ME, CAN
YOU?

BUT IF I OVERDO
IT, I MIGHT SHORT
OUT THE WHOLE
SUBWAY SYSTEM.

I HAVE TO
HOLD BACK...

...AND IT
DRIVES ME
CRAZY.



CALLISTO USED TO RULE
AN ARMY OF OUTCAST
MORLOCKS DOWN HERE
IN THE TUNNELS.

THE FIRST TIME WE
FOUGHT, THEY
WANTED CONSORTS...

...SO SHE KIDNAPPED
MY FRIENDS WARREN
AND KITTY.

IF YOU'VE
HURT THOSE
CHILDREN,
CALLISTO, I
SWEAR I'LL--



--KILL
ME?

UNGH!

YOU
TRIED THAT
LAST TIME,
PRINCESS.

THINK I
WOULDN'T HAVE
PREPARED FOR A
REMATCH?



YOU'VE
GOT THE
WHOLE
DAMN SKY,
STORM!

YOU
CAN'T LEAVE
ME ONE LITTLE
CAVE?

WHO THE
HELL DO YOU
THINK YOU
ARE--







WE...

...I THOUGHT
YOU WERE
KIDNAPPED.

WHAT THE
HELL ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?

I WAS
SLEEPING IN
THE SUBWAY.
AND JOHN-JOHN
FOUND ME.

HE TOLD
ME THERE
WAS A SAFE
PLACE.

MY COUSIN
RONNIE TOLD
ME ABOUT IT.
AND HE WAS
RIGHT!

I'VE JUST
BEEN MINDING
MY OWN
BUSINESS,
STORM.

I'M NOT A
MUTANT OR
A LEADER
ANYMORE.

I JUST PUT
TOGETHER A
LITTLE PLACE
FOR PEACE AND
QUIET.

AND THEN
THESE KIDS
START
SHOWING UP.

THEY'RE
LOST.
HUNGRY.

I GIVE
'EM FOOD
AND A PLACE
TO SLEEP.

A DOOR
THAT
LOCKS.

SOME
BOOKS.

THEY SEEM TO BE TAKING
CARE OF EACH OTHER
PRETTY WELL. BETTER THAN
WHAT THEY HAD GOING
ON UPSTAIRS.

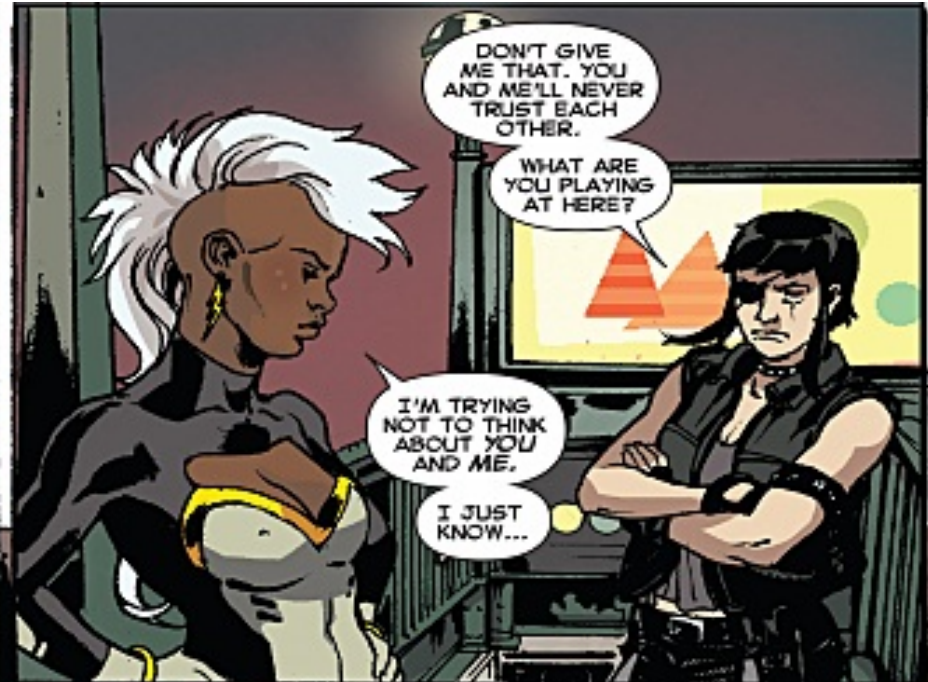
BUT YOU
WANNA TAKE
'EM OFF MY
HANDS? FEEL
FREE.

I TOLD
YOU. I'M NOT
GOING BACK!
YOU DON'T KNOW
WHAT IT'S LIKE
UP THERE!

UGH.
PITIFUL.
AREN'T
THEY?

I NEVER
COULD TURN
AWAY A
STRAY.







HENRY.
THIS IS
STORM.

HEY.

YOU WERE
MONITORING
THAT WHOLE THING.
WEREN'T YOU?

WELL...YES.
AND I'VE SEARCHED
THE RECORDS. AND
WHAT'S WAITING FOR
THOSE KIDS BACK HOME
IS EVEN WORSE
THAN THEY...

...IT'S...IT'S
JUST TERRIBLE
WHAT PEOPLE
CAN DO...

LISTEN. I
NEED ONE
MORE
FAVOR.

KEEP ON
MONITORING
THEM FOR
ME.

LET ME
KNOW THE MINUTE
ANYTHING...WEIRD
HAPPENS.

UNDERSTOOD.



AND
ONE MORE
THING...



ANGIE'S
EX-BOYFRIEND.
RIGHT? ALREADY
ON IT.



HENRY MCCOY.
I THOUGHT THIS KIND
OF WORK MADE YOU
UNCOMFORTABLE.

WELL. ONCE
I HEARD THE
STORY...

...I FELT
COMPELLED TO
POKE THROUGH HIS
COMPUTER AND
PHONE JUST A
LITTLE BIT.

HE'S BEEN
SELLING WEED,
CHEATING ON HIS
TAXES, AND LAST
WEEK HE POISONED
HIS UPSTAIRS
NEIGHBOR'S
DOG.

BUT FOR
SOME CRAZY
REASON...



...HE JUST
SENT EMAILS TO
HIS LOCAL PRECINCT
AND THE FBI AND THE
IRS CONFESSING
TO ALL HIS CRIMES,
WITH DETAILED
EVIDENCE
ATTACHED.

REMARKABLE.

ISN'T
IT?



TO BE CONTINUED!



